

**Overalls, paradise
and soft kisses.**

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Overalls, paradise and soft kisses. by CieraDarlene

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Summary:

Something short and fluffy.

Overalls, paradise and soft kisses.

Author's Note:

insp: Nia.

Who knew Eddie Kaspbrak would look adorable in denim overalls? The answer is everyone. His 5'2", thin frame was complemented by loose overalls and an orange hoodie, as he lounges in the meadow. The sun adorns his freckled face, highlighting his soft cheeks and throwing glimmer into his brown eyes.

Richie's in love, he thinks, as he stands over Eddie. Eddie looks up at Richie, bringing his hand up to shield his eyes.

"Aren't you going to sit?" He asks.

Richie obliges. Well, kind of. He lies next to Eddie and cranes his body to lie his head in Eddie's lap. He smiles up at the freckled face that's smiling down at him.

The two of them loved the meadow. It was somewhere near the quarry; They'd stumbled upon it while on a walk. They didn't tell anyone about it, so now it's their own little paradise. It's not so much a meadow as it is a clearing in the trees where flowers and dandelions grow among the tall grass. Tall trees loom over the clearing, but the sun manages to shine through, the leaves creating a pattern over the ground.

So there they sit, Eddie sits, leaning back on his hands and Richie's head in his lap. The smaller boy pulls his fingers through his lanky boyfriend's messy dark hair. Occasionally, his fingers would get caught in a tangle, but his hands moved slow enough that it didn't hurt. He'd tend to the tangle, then continue brushing through the mop of hair. After a while, Richie begins to doze.

Eddie starts tugging small flowers out of the earth and threading them through Richie's curls. An array of tiny yellow and orange flowers sit in his hair by the time his eyes flutter open to look up at Eddie.

"Have a good rest?" Eddie muses.

"As a matter of fact, I did. Thank you for asking, Eddie Spaghetti."

Eddie rolls his eyes at the nickname, but he's heard it enough to know to not fight it anymore.

In his peripheral, Richie notices a fleck of yellow. He reaches his arm up to inspect it, pulling a flower from his hair. He grins, first to himself then up at Eddie. A sheepish smile is returned down to him. Richie reaches his arm up and places his hand on the back of Eddie's neck, threading his fingers through the short hairs on the nape, and pulls him down to press their lips together gently.

It's a soft, innocent kiss. It's more the two of them smiling against one another's lips than it is a kiss. Eddie's hand finds its way to Richie's cheek. It's not a long kiss. Eventually, Eddie pulls away but the smile remains spread across his face.

Eddie's grateful that Richie closes his eyes again instead of saying something stupid.